

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



THE WOLFERSTON FAMILY.

ROOKSTONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FORGOTTEN BY THE WORLD," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—ROOKSTONE PARK.

THERE always had been Wolferstons at Rookstone Park. There had never been any notability in the family, or any marrying among the young folk for position or title, but for old blood and unspotted fame you might search England over and find no family purer or truer than the Wolferstons.

The present squire had succeeded his maternal

grandfather in the property, and as the estate had been carefully managed during his long minority, he found himself a richer man than many of his more immediate predecessors.

It seemed so far that Christopher Wolferston's lot in life was a singularly happy one. He had married, when very young, the woman he loved; he had two charming daughters, both nearly grown up, and about eight years ago his dearest wish had been fulfilled by the birth of a son and heir.

A good landlord and a most tender husband and

father, all his friends and neighbours said that the owner of Rookstone deserved this unceasing tide of prosperity, he made such good use of it. He might be slightly vacillating, a little inclined to act on impulse, but he had done much for the welfare of others. His village schools were the best built and endowed in the county, and lately he had been planning the erection of almshouses for old and impoverished folk belonging to the neighbourhood.

This afternoon he and his wife were looking over some drawings which had been sent in by the builder.

"Would you put Kitty Robbins in one of the almshouses?" said Mrs. Wolferston.

"Old Kitty! Why, Amy, I believe it would break her heart if I turned her out of the lodge. No, I'll do this; if you like, I'll make the lodge and the garden it stands in, her own as long as she lives, so that in case my life drops before hers, and Christy takes a dislike to her, she may be safe."

"Christopher! how could Kitty outlive you? she must be sixty-five at least."

"Well, I think she's older. She had a grown-up daughter who died when I was a child; but then these sort of women are grown up when they are sixteen, and I believe Kitty wasn't older than that herself when she married. But I think we owe the old woman something for the devotion she has always shown to us, though she is such an old crab."

"Is she? She is eccentric and rather proud in her ways, but she is always civil to me and the girls."

"You should hear Richard speak of her. I expect he won't approve of this gift of mine."

A cloud came over his wife's sweet face.

"I sometimes wish Richard had stayed in America."

"Why do you wish that, Amy?"

Mrs. Wolferston looked at her husband. There was almost a mischievous smile on his happy, genial mouth, and it puzzled her. It was painful to her even to allude to a matter on which she did not think as he did, for something told her that he had guessed the cause of her perplexity, and made light of it.

She got up from her chair, and, going to her husband, put her arms round his neck.

"I believe you know my reason already, Christopher. It is for Mary's sake I shrink from Richard."

Mr. Wolferston took her hand, but he still smiled in the same easy, amused fashion.

"Why should you shrink, if Mary does not? I think she likes Richard. Now, don't sigh, Amy; do you know that I shall think her very lucky if he cares about her?"

"He loves her, I am sure of it—but Mary is such a child still, not seventeen, remember. I think—"

She paused to gather courage, for what she had yet to say was an effort.

"What do you think, my pet?" he said, kindly, for he saw the struggle in her face.

"I think that if you were to invite Richard less often to Rookstone, Mary and he might scarcely ever meet; and if this were managed carefully she would soon forget any slight impression he may have made on her fancy."

"And Richard? You have no regard for his feelings, then, supposing them to be what you suspect. You women only think of your own side of

the question, Amy. Remember you were but eighteen yourself when you married, and Janet was younger when she engaged herself to Wenlock."

"I had better be quite candid, for I know you guess my reason, although you will not perhaps see its force as I do. I would rather have Mary made unhappy even by this separation than see her married to Richard. When he arrived in England you told me that his strange free-thinking notions were merely the result of his colonial habits—that he had often lived so cut off from human beings even, that he had grown careless about the outward forms of life. I made allowance, and waited. But more than a year has gone by, darling, and I see no change—he still takes every opportunity of scoffing at what he calls cant. Honestly, I often wonder at the sympathy you seem to find with a man so totally unlike yourself, so unlike any Wolferstons that I ever heard of."

She had made her husband look grave at last, and gravity was a very rare expression on his pleasant, handsome face; there was regret, too. His wife's words had awakened a sharp feeling of self-reproach.

"I take some blame on my own shoulders," he said, after a short silence. "Perhaps if I had spoken to Richard he might have been led to think of things more seriously. But, my darling, you must remember that he has had no advantages—his mother was an Italian, a singer, I believe. What should I have been without your influence, Amy, and why may we not hope that Mary will do as much for Richard?"

His wife protested against this view of the case. Mary was so young and childish that Richard would be far more likely to mould her to his own opinions and habits.

"If it were Janet, it would be quite different."

"Well, well"—the gravity of the conversation had exhausted his patience—"we won't discuss it any longer, dearest. Mary is, of course, too young to marry at present. But I think you are prejudiced, and we owe a far heavier debt than you are aware of to Richard. I wish now I had told you of it before, but I never knew quite the right story until he came over to England, and then he asked me to keep it quiet, so as not to revive the remembrance of his father's disgrace. I think you ought to know it, though, and if I get the opportunity I shall ask him to-night to release me from my promise of secrecy."

"I did not know you expected him."

"Yes; I forgot to tell you. He is coming down on business." He looked at his watch. "In fact, I thought he would have been here by this time."

CHAPTER II.—RICHARD WOLFERSTON.

THE sun was setting as Richard Wolferston passed through the gate beside the keeper's lodge. The red may-tree in the little garden served as a focus for "last gleams;" it was intensely crimson in its full-blossomed beauty. But, once through the gates, the tall trees intercepted the level sunlight, and the day looked at least an hour darker. The candelabra-like blossoms on the horse-chestnuts stood out almost ghastly against their now sombre leaves.

The gate clicked in shutting, and the keeper's mother, old Kitty Robbins, came out into the little garden, and looked after the visitor with a frown on her old brown face.

Farther on was a large clearing where several of the grassed rides that intersected the park met, some

of them dark alleys full of mysterious shadow. Along that which ran westward the light still glinted, spangling the leaves here and there, and those so specially singled out burned with intense radiance.

Richard Wolferston's pale face glowed too as the distant light travelled to it, and the unusual tinge gave him a look of fire and energy. His ordinary expression was languid, almost indolent. He was a well-grown, handsome man, with singularly large, dark, dreamy eyes—these seemed to flash back the red western light angrily, and then he looked round him at the stately growth of trees.

He was thinking deeply as he made his way through the park, silent now except for the occasional cry of the nightjar or the sheep-bell's monotonous tinkle, or perhaps the whirr of a stag-beetle almost in his face. His thoughts went on in this fashion:—"Another long minority—nothing would surprise me less; young Christopher cannot be more than eight years old, and his father—well, I imagine Christopher to be about forty; but the Wolferstons never make old bones. To think that all this may lie waste for years!" He sighed, and then walked on impatiently.

Near the house the trees were no longer in dense masses, they stood in twos and threes, well chosen both for form and colour, and grouped harmoniously in the foreground of the picture, which the distant country offered from the windows. It was a long, low house, with two widely stretching wings. Along the centre ran a terrace, with grey, worn stone balustrades on a red wall. On this, as Richard approached, two peacocks stood, stiff as if carved and then painted to imitate life. But when he reached the flower-garden beneath the terrace, one of the birds flew away, with its shrill, ungainly scream, and the other soon followed, dropping a feather almost at his feet.

The sun had sunk quite out of sight, the red memory of him even had been replaced by the exquisite chrysolite hue one only sees at that hour—a time which speaks of peace and rest, soothing the perturbed soul by its infinite solemnity and bidding the wearied body rejoice that the close of outdoor labour is come.

Richard Wolferston stood a minute gazing at the soft green sky, then he turned and mounted the steps. He had recovered all his easy indifference, and sauntered on towards the open windows of the saloon, balancing the peacock's feather on his finger. He had often seen the room before, and yet he stood looking in before he entered, with keen admiration. Richard Wolferston loved the beautiful in nature and in art, but he preferred it in the latter; and there was so much in the arrangement of this sitting-room of Mrs. Wolferston's to give pleasure to the eye, that it would have been wonderful if he had taken no heed of it. The saloon, as it was called, was a long room stretching almost the length of the terrace, with a huge fireplace at each end; a double row of four marble columns supported the two centre beams, wide enough apart to make another little room between them. All along the walls ran soft-cushioned divans covered with some dark blue woollen texture, and mounted in black carved wood, evidently Indian by its lightness, and grotesque perforations. The walls showed a few choice pictures, chiefly in water-colours. But it was nothing in detail that caught Richard Wolferston's eye. It was the harmonious grouping of fresh flowers in simple crystal vases beside antique bronzes, of a straw work-basket on

the table at the farther end of the saloon, with the cabinet of cameos close by, and the étagère, filled with Chelsea and Dresden and Sèvres and Limoges, and here and there a rare, highly-prized specimen of Henri Deux porcelain. The Chelsea Venuses and the bronze bull were equally at home in that pleasant, well-stored saloon—so well-stored that you might have spent more than one day in it before you had discovered all that it contained to delight eyes and heart alike.

He tapped playfully at the window, and went in.

There was a likeness between the cousins as they shook hands—a likeness of features, but not of complexion, for Christopher was fair-haired, and his eyes were more brown than black; the one face, too, although it showed the same indolence, had not a trace of discontent.

"I had almost given you up, Dick."

"The train was late, and I loitered coming through the park. How are you?"

This to Mrs. Wolferston. Though she was his cousin's wife, he had not yet learned to call her by her name. He liked her—better, perhaps, than he usually liked people, for he was cynical about the good qualities of others—but he seemed never to attain the intimate footing at Rookstone which would have set him quite at ease with its mistress. Looking at the sweet fragile face, it seemed impossible that a loving heart did not belong to Amy Wolferston; but Richard had begun to doubt this after a year's acquaintance; and Mrs. Wolferston's greeting was so cold this evening that it was a relief when his cousin asked Richard to come into his writing-room.

Mrs. Wolferston sat some time after the gentlemen had left her, perplexed and anxious. Putting the objection she had urged against Richard on one side, she had another cause for anxiety. Mr. Painson, the old family lawyer, had taken offence, about two months ago, at the deference the squire of Rookstone showed to his new-found cousin's opinion, and had begged him to seek another adviser. Mrs. Wolferston knew that her husband secretly regretted this estrangement, and also that he thought his cousin had been haughty and unconciliating in the tone he had taken in differing from Mr. Painson. The cause of quarrel had been a mere trifle—the most advantageous way of leasing some farms which Mr. Wolferston had recently added to his property.

Richard Wolferston had been brought up to the law, and when Mr. Painson sent in his resignation, the squire placed his papers and affairs in his cousin's keeping.

"I suppose Christopher is right, and I am prejudiced," Amy Wolferston said to herself; "Richard must be quite thirty-five, old enough to manage business, if he is ever to manage it; clever, too, and certainly a person one feels inclined to like and consult, and yet I feel as if the property was no longer so safe under his management as with dear old Mr. Painson; he was often cross and fidgety, and not half so agreeable; but I wish he were still Christopher's adviser."

She went to the window that opened on to the terrace. There in the distance were her three children—Mary and Christopher running races, Janet walking slowly some little way behind. The sight cleared away Mrs. Wolferston's perplexity.

"What is coming to me," she said, "that I should begin to doubt or despond? Surely no woman was

ever so blessed as I am, with such a husband and such children; and why should I fear, for Christopher is better and wiser in every way than I am? Even if this foreboding that weighs on my spirits be a presage of evil, no efforts of mine can ward it off. I am forgetting the very precept I teach my children, that all vexations and troubles, however small, are sent us."

She passed out on to the terrace to meet the group. They were close to the spot where Richard had stooped to pick up the peacock's feather—Mary, a tall, lovely girl, with her father's fair hair and soft, sweet brown eyes, was flushed and panting from her heedless racing, and little Christy's cherub face was scarlet, and his golden curls all disordered.

"How you have heated yourselves!" said their mother; "come in and keep quiet, Mary."

"Tell us something first, do, please." Christy had got both hands clasped round his mother's arm, and was squeezing it with a mixture of affection and eagerness that compelled her to stop and listen.

"Is Richard here, darling? Mary declared she saw him go up the terrace steps as we stood among the trees there, below the lake."

Mrs. Wolferston glanced involuntarily at her youngest daughter. She had been standing quite still, and yet the flush on her cheeks had deepened. Her mother sighed; she turned to Christy—"Yes, he has just come, but you cannot go to him, he is in the study with papa."

"I know, I know; it's a secret, but I know what it's about," and the wild little fellow let go his mother's arm, and ran round and round her in his glee.

"Hush, Christy," said Janet, "you are talking nonsense about a secret. You ought not to repeat anything you hear papa say by chance."

Janet Wolferston was scarcely nineteen, but she had quite the manner and the authority of a much older person with her brother and sister. Strangers called her strong-minded and eccentric, but her mother, although she might sometimes regret the sternness of her eldest child's rebukes, respected the motive which she knew prompted them. Janet had never been so great a favourite with her father as either Mary or Christy, and thus had escaped the systematic spoiling they received at his hands. Reproof was intolerable to Mr. Wolferston's facile, sweet temper, and he found it pleasanter and easier to yield entirely to these young wills than to thwart them. In appearance, Janet was unlike either of her parents. Her hair and complexion were neither fair nor dark, though the latter had the bloom of Hebe; her eyes were bright and large, and of the darkest blue. Richard Wolferston said they were the eyes of a Diana, and the severe aquiline profile and firmly-cut lips confirmed this idea at first sight, though Janet Wolferston was not cold-looking; but Richard had taken a dislike to her from the beginning, and he encouraged little Christy in mutinous behaviour to his eldest sister.

"You are very clever, Janet," the child said, mischievously, "but you don't know a bit what I mean."

"Hush, Christy," his mother began; but he was hugging her arm again, and holding his fair, flushed face up to be kissed.

"It's only this," he said, too low for any one but his mother to hear; "Richard has come to-day to do something to papa's will. I heard them settling it

just before he went away. I only said it was a secret to tease Janet, for they both knew I was close by, and papa took no notice."

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

WHILE the bells in "merrie England" ring the Old Year out and the New Year in, other lands in divers ways signalise the season. Poor France! Let us say nothing now of her usually joyous *Jour de l'An*! For many years past the morning of this day has found the nations of Europe looking to Paris, and listening for words which made kings and statesmen rejoice or tremble. *L'empire c'est la paix?* or, *L'empire c'est l'épée?* And now all the world is looking again upon France, with feelings how different!

Yet the booming of cannon is elsewhere heard as a sound of joy like our bell-ringing. The Danes have a custom of saluting the New Year with artillery. Copenhagen is shaken at midnight by this peaceful cannonading. In some of the Danish islands, where old Scandinavian usages linger, the peasants go in groups to the farmhouses, and fire off their firearms under the windows of the sleeping inmates.

The Norwegians have many hospitable and touching observances, and now they spread their table for all who may step in to wish the "compliments of the season." The Swedes do likewise, and the Stockholmers in particular emphasise the occasion by giving a grand banquet in the Exchange to their king and his consort and family, while the royal guests take this opportunity of laying by their dignity in order to meet their citizen subjects in the guise of fraternity and equality.

The New Year in Russia, twelve days later than ours, is a great gala day, although the thermometer may point to thirty degrees below zero! Having attended early a grand celebration of mass, the Russians give themselves up for the rest of the day to making and receiving congratulatory visits; the gentlemen visiting, the ladies being visited. In the cities, sledges richly lined with furs are seen gliding along in all directions, and the good wishes that cannot be carried by this means are inserted by way of advertisement in the newspapers. Ceremonious visits are also being paid in military and official circles, and equipages containing stately-looking men in handsome uniforms are intermixed in the broad and interminable streets with the droskies of well-to-do civilians. To see the inhabitants of a large city thus whirling about from place to place, each with a countenance speaking the choice compliments of the season, is certainly indicative of a healthy state of social feeling. The provincials devote themselves to resuscitating the "good old customs" of their country. As the Russians are little else than northernised Orientals, the origin of many of these customs may be sought for in the East. The Russians are great at fortune-telling, and especially at solving the all-important matrimonial problem. On New Year's eve unmarried ladies and gentlemen send out their servants, or go out themselves, to ask the names of the persons they meet; these, they say, will be the names of the persons they will severally marry. On the same eve, when the midnight hour is come, each member of a family salutes the other with a kiss, beginning with the

head of the household. In the evening of New Year's day the famous dish game is played over again; and the young people hear their fates pronounced once more in the prophetic stanza which accompanies the drawing of their trinkets from the dish. The paying of visits in masks is also popular on New Year's night in some of the Russian provinces, but it is now discontinued in fashionable society. The Cossacks and the South Slavonic peoples adopt very much the Russian customs, the former introducing their favourite national dance.

"If you scrub a Russian," said Napoleon, "you will find a Tartar," but this does not altogether hold good of the festivals of the two peoples. The Tartar's New Year's day falls a fortnight later than the Muscovite's, and it smacks of the splendour of the time when Tartary was the grandest and most formidable power in Central Asia. Marco Polo gave an entertaining account of the feast of the New Year at which he assisted in the latter part of the thirteenth century. He told how all appeared in white garments at the court of the great khan, the white garments symbolising Fortune smiling benignantly upon them in the coming year; how the governors of the cities and provinces offered the emperor presents of gold and silver, pearls, and precious stones, many white clothes, white horses, and other things "of the same colour," nine times nine of a sort, the Tartars exchanging "white presents" among themselves; how the emperor's five thousand elephants, covered with figured tapestry, brought to court chests filled with vessels of gold and silver, and camels, likewise in cloth of silk, bore other things for the service of the palace; how, on the morning of New Year's day, all the king's barons, generals, soldiers, physicians, astrologers, falconers, governors, and other officers of the empire, assembled in the great hall, and stood in the order of their rank; how a herald then rose and cried aloud, "Bow down, and adore!" and all did reverence, bending their foreheads to the earth, and crying, "God grant," in response to the solemn invocation, four times repeated, "God preserve our lord with long life and joy;" then how the chief priest went to a richly-adorned altar, and incensed in honour of his majesty the name of the khan, which was inscribed on a red tablet; and lastly, how presents were then offered, and a grand banquet given, a tame lion being brought in to lie at the khan's feet, that the guests might see that even the fierce lord of the forest was subject to him.

Other sections of the great Mongol race have different ways of celebrating the opening of the New Year. Among the Thibetians, for instance, everybody sits up on the mysterious night which is to bring forth the New Year. At midnight they go out into the streets, where they make as much noise as their lungs and their music—drums, tambourines, bells, and cymbals—will enable them; and in order to renew their energies they consume unlimited quantities of balls of flour and honey, boiled, which are picked out of the water with a silver skewer. The next day visits are made to the houses of friends, the penates are supplicated and fumigated, and then the inevitable "tsamba" and "buttered tea" are freely indulged in. After this they sing and dance; and children are sent about from house to house to perform specially. Tumblers and actors "play" in the streets, and, altogether, the Thibetians have a merry season. This festival is the pretext for a grand

turn-out of the lamas, or Buddhist priests, and students, from the monasteries and colleges. They rush madly through the streets of the capital in bodies numbering thousands, chanting prayers and making the most hideous noises—the outpouring, it is said, of religious enthusiasm.

The Thibetians have a proverb to the effect that the Chinese celebrate their festival of the New Year with red paper and crackers; and the Thibetians are right in the main. The Chinese rejoicings absorb nearly a whole month, during the first part of which it is said there is not an empty mouth in the empire; but the eatables are of a light description, such as pea-nuts, water-melon seed, sweetmeats, oranges, tea, etc.; presents of cakes are sent to the poor, and "brilliant" cakes—which are believed to get the young on with their studies, just as attendance at the Jul-otta in Sweden—are distributed from the temples. The Chinese begin early on the 2nd of February, their New Year's day, by propitiating heaven and earth with offerings of rice, vegetables, tea, wine, oranges, and imitation paper-money, which they burn with incense, joss-sticks, and candles. Afterwards they worship their household gods, and also their deceased ancestors and living relatives; all this is done in the most solemn manner, and offerings are made to all except those whom we might suppose would be most likely to profit by them—the living. Images of gods are carried in procession, to the beating of the deafening gong. The mandarins now rest from the cares of office, and come by hundreds with congratulatory addresses to the emperor. They are, of course, gorgeously apparelled; they wear satin robes embroidered with gold dragons, snakes, and other animals, and with little bits of Chinese scenery, probably the "show places" of their particular provinces. The military men and *savans*, who also come, are embroidered according to their professions. The celestial dignitaries spend the month in feasting, in patronising the histrionic art, and in visiting. The people generally participate to their hearts' content in the various gaieties of the season. The men visit their male friends, and pay their respects agreeably to established rule, with the nicest of distinctions; and in the family circle there is feasting at the tea-houses, and on the water in flower-boats. The common present is the orange called "kek," the equivalent of "fortunate." A whole day is set apart by the richer families for the observance of what is denominated the "lucky festival." There are numerous amusements for the people of China—acting, illuminations, and fireworks, or "flowers," as the natives call them. In the matter of fireworks the Chinese are marvellously skilful. They have battles between armies of wooden soldiers, squibs taking the place of arrows; card-board cities are besieged and stormed, and then the huge fiery dragons, without which no Chinese show can be a show, suddenly make their appearance to alarm the besiegers. They have also sea fights. Even the gods of these primitive Orientals are honoured by grand pyrotechnic displays. On the fifteenth of the month the popular feast of lanterns is held, and there is a splendid illumination with the many-coloured and many-shaped paper lamps in the designing of which the Chinese show so much ingenuity. Other festivals follow, and the season is well sustained.

The Japanese first day falls on the 29th of January, by which date all accounts have been adjusted and

disputes settled. The first thing in the morning the people, from the highest to the lowest, put on a sort of regulation dress of light blue cotton, and throughout the day, and the two that follow, they visit their friends and relations in their vicinity, and send letters of congratulation in set phrases to those in distant places. On this holiday, as on others, they make excursions like the Chinese to their favourite "teagardens"—a little brighter and livelier than the arbours so called which are to be seen round about London. They have grand processions on their *fête* day, in which trades are represented as in our Lord Mayor's Show, and drums and stringed instruments are played by numerous bands. Wax figures are sold by thousands, just as they are in Rome for the Natale; and the Japanese amuse themselves by top-spinning, kite-flying, and by witnessing the performances of jugglers, actors, and obese wrestlers. They have also grand displays of fireworks, and the ladies of quality delight themselves with the "butterfly dance." Presents are offered of cooked rice, roasted peas, oranges (here also an emblem of good fortune), figs, etc. The peas are scattered about the corners of houses to frighten away evil spirits; and on the fourth day the New Year's decorations, representing lobsters (reproduction), oranges (good luck), cabbages (riches), are taken down, and boughs of fruit-trees and flowers, of which the Japanese are passionately fond, are set before the doors to signify the advent of spring.

In our Indian empire, where festivals are abundant, that one which we may take as corresponding to our New Year's day is the Hooly, celebrated annually in many localities in honour of Krishna—a season of general rejoicing, when "caste" temporarily loses caste, as in the saturnalia of ancient Rome. "Red" is the order and the fun of the day, people who can afford it dressing in red clothes, and going about throwing red (or crimson) powder at one another, or squirting it, mixed with water, from a syringe on the passers-by. For the three or four days this red-letter feast lasts everybody appears to have been dipped in a tub of *akbeer*, the pet monkeys not escaping. All this is taken in as good part as snowballing is with us. The mutual visiting, complimenting, and feasting among the Rajpoots, and Indians of the south, take place at the end of the year. In some parts of India the native servants recognise the English New Year's day by bringing to our countrymen presents of flowers and nose-gays, and garlands to hang round their necks; they also strew the floors and decorate the rooms with flowers.

We had noted other curious observances among nations not familiarly known, such as Cingalese and Malagasy New Year customs, but our space warns us to be brief, and we conclude with a custom still common and once universal among the Esquimaux. As the last night of the Old Year is drawing to a close, a pair of Esquimaux, one dressed in woman's clothes, issue from their snow huts, or ice cave, as previously arranged. If visible through the thick darkness, they would appear to be hastening on some important and mysterious mission. They gain admittance to every igloo, or hovel, in the "village," and by-and-by the object becomes apparent. There is not a single light left burning in the whole place. The two men, having now extinguished every spark of fire they can find, a fresh fire is kindled, and some obscure ceremonies are gone through the while.

From this one source all the lamps and fires in the district are lighted anew. The custom is thus explained. The Esquimaux, believing that the sun is renewed for the year at this time, and that thus their world is lighted up for another twelvemonth, think it right to follow the example. From this, as from many other of the New Year's customs, useful hints may be gathered by a thoughtful mind, with lessons appropriate to the season.

THE GIRONDISTS.

THE maritime Department of the Gironde, of which Bordeaux is the chief city, returned several of the most distinguished members to the French National Assembly of 1791. The party to which they were attached took the name of Girondists, or Girondins. This was the second National Assembly of the Revolution, called Legislative, in contradistinction to the first, or Constituent, which framed the Constitution. The Girondists were stern republicans, whose ideas were framed on the ancient classical models. From the first they were hostile to the very name of royalty, and opposed those who wished to maintain the constitution and the constitutional monarchy. By their extreme views, earnestly held and eloquently urged, they weakened the strength of the middle class and the moderate men of all sides, and so made the field open for Danton and the still wilder demagogues who appealed to the mob of Paris. In the Convention they voted for the most part for the death of the king, though they afterwards strove in vain to have his life spared. Then they felt their weakness. For some months they maintained a struggle with the terrorists, or the Mountain party, which had the mob and the clubs at its back. The last gleam of their influence was when Brissot, one of their leaders, proclaimed the principle of republican proselytism, afterwards sanctioned by the Convention, by its decree of 17th December, 1792. By this decree, "the people of every country which was entered by the French troops were invited to form themselves into a democracy, under pain of being treated as enemies should they prefer to retain their ancient form of government." But all the republican enthusiasm which they excited only led to their own destruction. They had sowed the wind and they reaped the whirlwind. Their influence gradually waned before the rising power of the Mountain, and their fate forms one of the saddest episodes in the history of "the Reign of Terror." The account of their last days we give from the pages of Lamartine, their most eloquent and most sympathising historian:—

From the 2nd of June (1793), the date of their fall and captivity, the Girondists had been the constant objects of hatred to the people of Paris. The Committee of Public Safety charged Amar, one of its most implacable members, to summon before their tribunal the twenty-three leaders of this party, who had been arrested on the 31st of May, and to accuse the seventy-three deputies suspected of moral complicity with the Girondists, and who had publicly and courageously protested against the violence of the people and the mutilation of the national representation. A profound mystery shrouded this measure of the committee, which, like the Council of Ten at

Venice, reassured by its dissimulation and silence the victims whose escape it apprehended.

The decree of accusation was unanimously carried in the Convention. Some of the deputies included in it strove to obtain a hearing, but their voices were drowned, and they were packed in silence, like sheep going to the slaughter, in the narrow space of the bar. A few members of the Mountain demanded that the names of their enemies should be added to the list of the proscribed. At the end of the sitting the accused deputies were confined in the different prisons of Paris, and chiefly in La Force.

Their trial, with that of the other Girondists, was loudly demanded, and their trial meant death. Robespierre employed, with more courage than he displayed for so many other victims, his influence to save them; and he did not hesitate to resist the clamour of the people and to offend his colleagues, to rescue the seventy-three from the impatience of their enemies. The future shows that he reserved them as a counterpoise to the power of the Mountain, at the period when he sought to rule alone in the Convention.

The fate of the deputies, imprisoned since the 31st of May, was clearly pronounced by Amar. The Mountain, at the outset, satisfied with its victory, and Robespierre and Danton, ashamed of so many odious and impolitic murders, strove to cause them to be forgotten in vain. Not a scaffold was erected in Paris, but the people demanded why it was not for the Girondists: and the Committee of Public Safety feared to afford this ground for complaint to the more ardent Montagnards and the Commune. The Jacobins had wrested the head of Louis XVI from the Gironde, and the demagogism of Hébert, Pache, and Audouin, called on the Jacobins to give the Republic the heads of their thirty-two colleagues. Robespierre yielded with regret, and Garat, the minister of the interior, came to entreat him to save them. "Do not speak of it again," said Robespierre, "I cannot save them: there are periods in revolution when to live is a crime, and when men must know how to surrender their heads when demanded. And mine also will, perhaps, be required of me," added he, seizing it in both hands, like a man who throws down a burden. "You shall see if I dispute it."

Vergniaud, Gensonné, Ducos, Fonfrède, Valazé, Carra, Fauchet, Lasource, Sillery, Gorsas, and their colleagues, had remained voluntary prisoners at Paris. Condorcet had escaped, by timely flight, the pursuit of the Commune and the warrant issued for his arrest.

Roland had fled, and concealed himself in the environs of Rouen after the imprisonment of his wife. Brissot, called the leader of the party since he had been its organ, and had given it its name, had also fled. On his arrival at Chartres, his native place, he found no friends, and left the town alone, on foot, in disguise, and furnished with a false passport, strove to gain, by circuitous and unfrequented routes, the Swiss frontiers or the departments of the south. Recognised and arrested at Moulins, he had been brought back to Paris and cast into prison, where he languished during five months.

The captivity of the Girondists from the 31st of May had followed, as regards its rigour or indulgence, the oscillations of public opinion. At first almost nominal, and as though ashamed of itself, it

was merely confinement in their own house under the custody of a *gendarme*. The opportunities of escape were frequent. Surrounded by their families, visited by their friends, served by their own domestics, furnished with money and false passports, it seemed that these measures of tolerance were purposely adopted to favour their flight. The Mountain was rather embarrassed by than jealous of its victims; but after the disasters of the army of the north, the successes of La Vendée, the insurrection of Calvados, Marseilles, Lyons, and Toulon, the proclamation of the Terror, the trial of Custine, the execution of the queen, and the law against suspected persons—their captivity became more rigorous. They were first confined in the Abbaye, then the Luxembourg, and then the Carmes, united by the same crime and the same fall. For a length of time, confounded with those suspected of royalism and federalism, the Girondists found themselves associated by chance—that blind avenger of the conquered and the conquerors—with the victims of their policy, the vanquished of the 10th of August, the friends of La Fayette and Dumouriez, the servitors of royalty, the moderators of the Revolution, nobles, priests, magistrates—such men as Barnave, Bailly, and Malesherbes.

The Girondists, inflexible in their republicanism, retained a revolutionary attitude, and neither affected to lament their opinions nor the humiliation of their fall, and associated themselves with the Convention in all its acts of patriotic energy and severity against the royalists, and only separated themselves from what they termed its humiliation and its crimes. They formed in the prison a distinct group, which was not a rupture, but a schism in the Republic. Their names, celebrity, youth, and eloquence, inspired their enemies with curiosity, their fellow-captives with respect, and their very gaolers with courtesy.

Something of their character of representatives of the people, of their *prestige*, and their power, had followed them even in their dungeon; and, though prisoners, they yet reigned by the recollections or the admiration that enshrined them.

When their trial was decided on, this captivity became more strict. They were imprisoned for a few days in the Carmelite convent, in the Rue de Vaugeraud, a monastery converted into a prison, and rendered sinister by the recollections and the bloody traces of the massacres of September. The lower floors, crowded with prisoners, only left the Girondists a narrow space between the roofs, consisting of a dark passage, and three cells, opening one into another, and resembling the *Piombi* of Venice. A small staircase, in a corner of the building, led to them; several wickets had been formed on the stair, and a single massive door, studded with iron, gave access to these cells. This door, closed since 1793, and opened for us, presented the cells and displayed the images and thoughts of the captives as perfect and intact as the day they left to go to death. No step, no hand, has effaced these vestiges of them. The written traces of proscribed members of all the other parties of the Republic are mingled with those of the Girondists; and the names of friends and foes, executioners and victims, are inscribed on the same wall.

Above the principal door was inscribed, in large letters, "*Liberty, Equality, or Death!*"—the usual inscription on all public monuments at that period. This led into a large room, in which the

prisoners took their meals; on the left was a small chamber, in which the younger of the Girondists slept. These two apartments were lighted by two ungrated windows, which looked on the large gardens belonging to the convent. The eye first rested on the fountain, which seemed as though striving eternally to efface the blood of the priests massacred near its basin, then on an immense horizon on the north and west of Paris. Nothing broke the outline, save the spire of the clock tower of the Luxembourg, the dome of the Invalides opposite, and on the left the two towers of a half-destroyed church. The light, the silence, the serenity of this prospect gave the captives the image of the country, the illusions of liberty, and the calmness of contemplation. The walls and ceiling of this chamber, covered with plaster, offered the prisoners, in the place of paper, of which they had been deprived, a page on which to engrave their last thoughts with their knives or write them with their pencils. These ideas, generally expressed in short and proverbial maxims, or Latin verses, cover the walls to this day, and render them the depositories and revealers of the last thoughts and hopes of the Gironde. Almost all are written in blood, and retain its hues, and are a hymn to constancy, a defiance of death, or an appeal to immortality. In one place we read:—

"Quand il n'a pu sauver la liberté de Rome,
Caton est libre encore, et sait mourir en homme."

In another:—

"Justum ac tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solidâ."

Higher:—

"Cui virtus non deest
Ille
Nunquam omnino miser."

Lower:—

"La vraie liberté est celle de l'âme."

On the side, a religious inscription, supposed to be in the hand of Fauchet:—

"Souvenez-vous que vous êtes appelés non pour causer et pour être oisifs, mais pour souffrir et travailler."—*Imitation de Jésus Christ.*

On another part of the wall is a regret given to a beloved name, which was not revealed even in death:—

"Je meurs pour ————
"MONTALEMBERT."

On the beam:—

"Dignum certe Deo spectaculum fortem virum cum calamitate collectantem."

Above:—

"Quels solides appuis dans le malheur suprême!
J'ai pour moi ma vertu, l'équité, Dieu lui-même."

Beneath:—

"Le jour n'est pas plus pur que le fond de mon cœur."

In the recess of the window:—

"Rebus in arduis facile est contemnere vitam."

"Dulce et decorum pro patriâ mori."

"Non omnis moriar."

"Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudori."

In large letters of blood, in the writing of Vergniaud:—

"Potius mori quam feedari."

A multitude of inscriptions and initials, strophes and incompleated ideas, attest the stoical intrepidity of these men, fed from the purest sources of antiquity, and seeking consolation, not in the hope of life, but the contemplation of death.

The Girondists were removed during the night to their last place of detention, the Conciergerie, where the queen was still confined. Thus the same roof covered the fallen queen and the men who had hurled her from her throne on the 10th of August—the victim of royalty and the victims of the Republic. Here they met Brissot, who had for a long time been confined at the Abbaye, and those of the colleagues who, like Duperret and Riouffe, had been brought back from the south of Bretagne.

They were placed in a separate part of the prison. Their cells were contiguous, and one contained eighteen beds. The impossibility of escaping from these walls, defended by triple doors, iron bolts, and sentinels, had led their gaolers to soften, in some measure, the severity of their imprisonment, and to allow them the use of paper and ink. They read the public journals, and conversed, through the wicket, with their wives, children, and friends.

On the 22nd of October their *acte d'accusation* was read to them, and their trial commenced on the 26th. The greater portion of the judges and jury had been the friends and clients of the Girondists, and were the more resolved to condemn them in order to purge themselves from any suspicion of complicity.

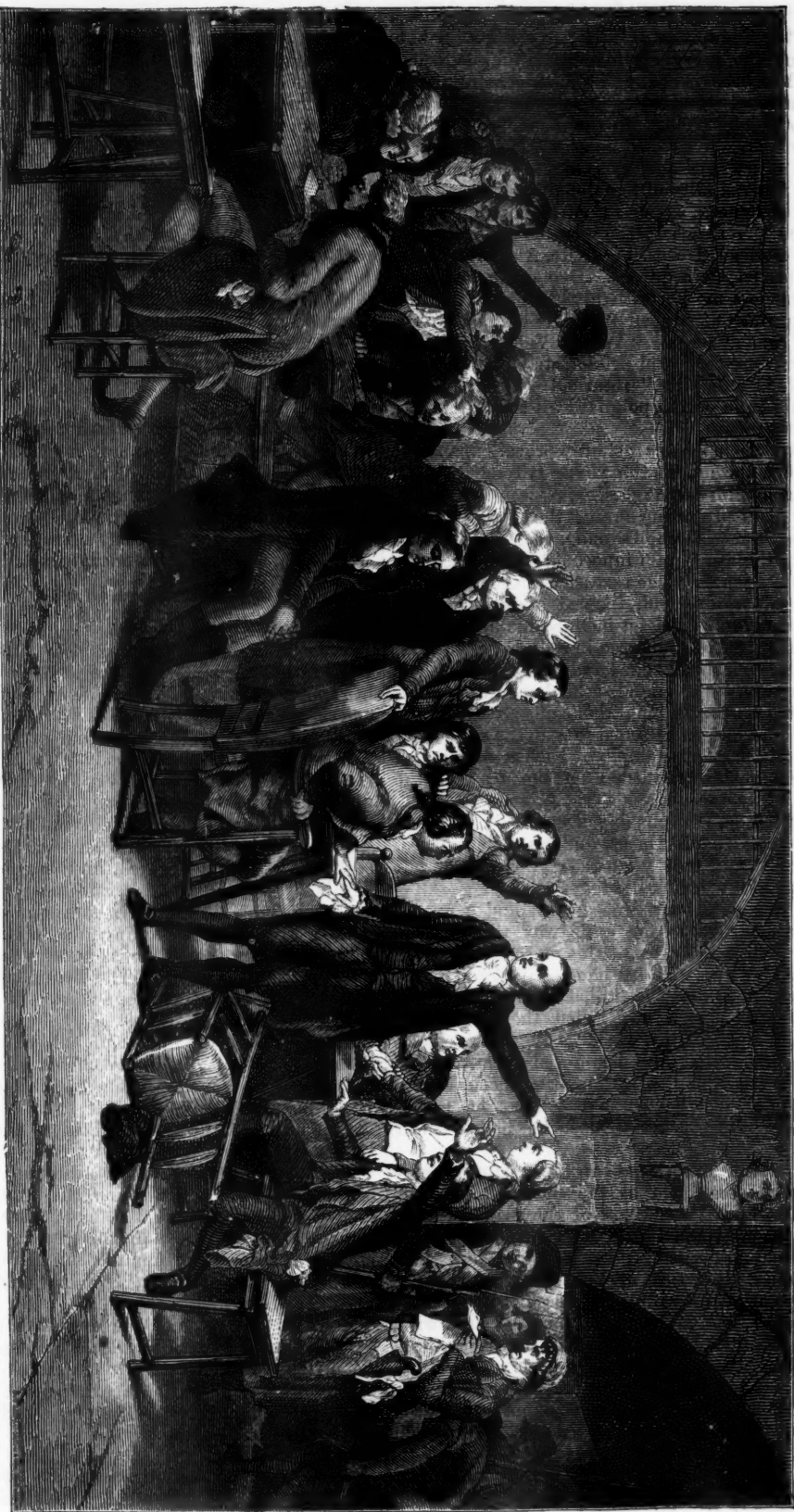
A strong armed force surrounded the gates of the Conciergerie and the Palais-de-Justice. The cannon, the uniforms, the sentinels, the *gendarmes*, the naked sabres, all announced one of those political crises in which a trial is a battle, and justice an executioner.

At ten o'clock the accused were brought in. They were twenty-two; and this fatal number inscribed in the earliest lists of the proscription, on the 31st of May, had been maintained in spite of the flight or death of several of the twenty-two deputies first marked by the Convention for destruction. The number was completed by adding to the Gironde several members, strangers to their faction, as Boileau, Mainvielle, Bonneville, Antiboul, in order that the people, seeing the same number, might believe they beheld the same plot, detest the same crime, and punish the conspirators.

The *acte d'accusation* of Fouquier-Tinville, concerted, it is said, with Robespierre and Saint Just, was but a long and bitter reproduction of the pamphlet of Camille Desmoulins, called "History of the Faction of the Gironde." It was the history of calumny, written by the calumniator, and received as evidence by the executioner. Nought was added. Hate had no need to be convinced, but had already condemned them.

The judges called as witnesses the bitterest enemies of the accused. Pache, Chabot, Hébert, Chaumette, Montaut, Fabre d'Eglantine, Léonard Bourdon, and the Jacobin Defieux, read, instead of evidence, long invectives against the Girondists, which the latter debated in few words.

Symptoms of a return of popular feeling to the Gironde alarmed the Commune. Auduin, Pache's son-in-law, who had formerly been a priest, and



After Delavigne.]

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE GIRONDISTIS

[By permission of Comp. & Co.]

was now one of the church's bitterest persecutors, called on the Committee of Safety to close the debate by allowing the president to declare that sufficient evidence had been heard. The jury, constrained by this declaration, closed the debate on the 30th of October, at eight o'clock in the evening, the trial having lasted a week. All the accused were declared guilty of death for having conspired against the unity and indivisibility of the Republic.

At this sentence a cry of astonishment and horror burst from the accused; the greater number, and especially Boileau, Ducos, Fonfrède, Antiboul, Mainvielle, expected an acquittal. One of the accused, who had made a motion with his hand as though to tear his garments, slipped from his seat on to the floor. It was Valazé. "What, Valazé, are you losing your courage?" said Brissot, striving to support him. "No, I am dying," returned Valazé; and he expired, his hand on the poignard with which he had pierced his heart.

At this spectacle silence instantly prevailed, and the example of Valazé made the young Girondists blush for their momentary weakness.

Boileau alone protesting against the sentence which confounded him with the Gironde, cast his hat into the air, exclaiming, "I am innocent; I am a Jacobin; I am a Montagnard." The sarcasms of the spectators were the sole reply, and, instead of pity, he only met with contempt. Brissot inclined his head on his breast, and appeared immersed in reflection. Fauchet and Lasource clasped their hands, and raised their eyes to heaven. Vergniaud, seated on the highest bench, gazed on the tribunal, his colleagues, and the crowd, with a look that seemed to scan the scene, and to seek in the past an example of such a decision of destiny, and such ingratitude on the part of the people. Sillery cast away his crutch, and exclaimed, "This is the most glorious day of my life." Fonfrède threw his arms round Ducos, and burst into tears. "Mon ami," said he, "I cause your death, but console yourself, we shall die together."

At this moment a cry was heard, and a young man in vain strove to force his way through the crowd. "Let me fly from this spectacle," cried he, covering his eyes with his hands. "Wretch that I am, it is I who have killed them. It is my 'Brissot dévoilé' which has killed them. I cannot bear the sight of my work. I feel their blood fall on the hand that has denounced them." This young man was Camille Desmoulins, inconsiderate in his pity as his hatred, and whom the crowd detained and silenced as though he had been a child.

It was eleven o'clock at night. After a moment's pause, occasioned by the unexpectedness of the sentence, and the emotion of the prisoners, the sitting was closed amidst cries of *Vive la République!*

The Girondists as they quitted their places, assembled round the corpse of Valazé, extended on a bench; touched it respectfully, to assure themselves that life was extinct, and then, as though seized with an electric inspiration by contact with the republican who had perished by his own hand, they exclaimed simultaneously, "We die innocent. *Vive la République!*" Some of them threw amongst the crowd handfuls of assignats, not, as it has been supposed, to excite the people to revolt and disorder, but, like the Romans, to bequeath to them wealth no longer useful to themselves. The populace eagerly collected these legacies of the dying, and appeared touched

with pity. Hermann ordered the *gendarmes* to remove the prisoners; and their presence of mind, which had for a moment forsaken them, now returned with the conviction of their fate.

In fulfilment of the promise they had made the other prisoners in the *Conciergerie* to inform them of their fate by the echoes of their voices, they burst, on quitting the tribunals, into the *Marseillaise* hymn:—

"Allons, enfans de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!"

and sang the chorus with an energy that made the vaults ring again.

At these sounds the prisoners awoke and comprehended that the accused sang their own death song; and tears, acclamations, and sobs replied to their strains. They were all confined for this their last night on earth in the large dungeon, the waiting-room of death.

In the morning the executioners and *gendarmes* made the condemned march in a column to the court of the palace, where five carts, surrounded by an immense crowd, awaited them. The moment they emerged from the *Conciergerie* the Girondists burst into the *Marseillaise*, laying stress on these verses, which contained a double meaning—

"Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé." —

From this moment they ceased to think of themselves, in order to think of the example of the death of republicans they wished to leave the people. Their voices sank at the end of each verse, only to rise more sonorous at the first line of the next verse. The last cart contained the body of Valazé. His head, shaken by the concussion over the stones, swayed to and fro before his friends, who were forced to close their eyes to avoid seeing his livid features, but who still joined in the strain. On their arrival at the scaffold they all embraced, in token of community in liberty, life, and death, and then resumed their funeral chant. All died without weakness. Sillery, with irony, after ascending the platform, walked round, saluting the public as though to thank them for his glory and death. The hymn became feebler at each fall of the axe; one voice still continued it, that of Vergniaud, executed the last. Like his companions, he did not die, but passed away in enthusiasm, and his life, commenced by immortal orations, ended by a hymn to the eternity of the Revolution.

One cart bore away their bodies, and one grave, by the side of that of Louis XVI, received them.

Some years afterwards, in searching the archives of the parish of La Madeleine, the bill of the gravedigger of the Commune was found, with the order of the president on the national treasury for its payment. "Twenty-two deputies of the Gironde; the coffins, 147 francs; expenses of interment, 63 francs; total, 210 francs."

Such was the price of the shovelfuls of earth that covered the founders of the Republic. Never did *Æschylus* or *Shakespeare* invent a more bitter derision of fate than this bill of a gravedigger, demanding and receiving his pay for having alternately buried all the monarchy and all the republic of a mighty nation.

Such is *Lamartine's* tribute to the memory of the Girondists. We may admire their patriotism and pity their fate, yet withhold approval of their conduct

or character. In sober truth they were a set of visionary enthusiasts, fit to have lived in old pagan days, but leading a life and leaving a memory which is an anachronism in the history of the world.

AN OLD NEWSPAPER; OR, GLIMPSES OF ENGLAND SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

AN old newspaper has been put into our hands, the "Lincoln, Rutland, and Stamford Mercury," of Friday, June 12, 1801. "Printed at Stamford by and for R. Newcomb," it professes to be "circulated through every town and populous village in the counties of Lincoln, Rutland, Leicester, Isle of Ely, Northampton, Nottingham, part of Cambridge, Huntingdon, Norfolk, and York." In days when newspapers were comparatively few, the "Stamford Mercury" appears to have been an important and old-established member of the provincial press. This number is the 3664th, and is marked as belonging to volume LXX. It is a sheet folded in four pages, each page measuring 19 by 13 inches. The paper, type, and whole appearance, are inferior, yet the price is sixpence. This is owing greatly to the stamp-duty, which, as far as we can decipher the complicated design of the government stamp, amounted to threepence-halfpenny.

A curiosity for those who record the progress of the press, this old "folio of four pages" has a higher interest as affording a glimpse of the history of the time when it was printed. Like a torch thrown athwart the darkness, let us use it to cast a brief glare of light upon the silent land of the past, peopled with the shadows of the actors in events remote and almost forgotten. Few now survive who have personal remembrance of what was passing at the beginning of the nineteenth century. A paper of still older date would furnish greater contrasts with our own time, but it may be more useful to note some of the lessons to be drawn from a glimpse of England seventy years ago.

The time is June, 1801. The population of Great Britain, as ascertained by the census of 1800, was about 11,000,000; that of Ireland about four and a half millions. The Union of Great Britain and Ireland, under one imperial parliament, had just been consummated, the first session having commenced on the 22nd of January, 1801. The population of France at the same time was about 25,000,000. The two nations were still at war; but the combatants were becoming wearied of the contest. The attempt to crush the revolution in France had failed, and Pitt's memorable words had been spoken in vain: "Unless the monarchy of France is restored, the monarchy of England is lost for ever." As First Consul of the Republic, to which he had been elected by above three millions of votes, Napoleon Bonaparte was the ruler of France. Colonel

Arthur Wellesley was gaining his first laurels in India. Nelson with his fleet was in the Baltic Sea. The hero of the hour was Sir Ralph Abercromby, who had defeated the French in Egypt, and removed the danger that threatened the British Empire in the East. Negotiations for peace were taking place, but encumbered by so many claims and projects, that the definitive treaty of peace was not signed till the 27th of March, 1802, at Amiens.

Let us now turn to our newspaper. Each page has five columns, of which two on the front page, and three on each of the inner folios contain news, general or local; the remaining twelve columns being occupied by advertisements.

To begin with the news: there is first a "London Gazette Extraordinary," the copy of a letter from General Sir John Hely Hutchinson to the Right Hon. H. Dundas, dated Camp before Alexandria, April 20, announcing the capture of the Fort of Rosetta, the garrison obtaining the same conditions as had been granted to that of the Castle of Aboukir. This is followed by a letter from Lord Elgin to Lord Hawkesbury, dated Constantinople, May 9, about the campaign in Egypt. News travelled slowly in those days, the date of our paper being June 12. The parliamentary proceedings, from June 5 to June 11, occupy little more than a column, and refer to matters of no great public importance. In the House of Lords the debates were on Inclosures and Scotch Militia; in the House of Commons the most interesting debate was on a vote of Supply, Mr. Grey (the Earl Grey of after years) objecting that the vote of credit far exceeded that of any former year, notwithstanding the rumours of approaching peace. The Chancellor of the Exchequer explained that the sum of £2,000,000 was principally demanded for the naval service. At the close of a debate on the non-residence of the Clergy, Mr. Whitbread observed that "the clergy required some addition to their income; he meant those who did not receive more than a day labourer's pay. Whatever relief it might be thought necessary to afford to the underpaid clergy, he trusted the revenues of the Church would amply suffice, without additional burden upon the public."

Among the miscellaneous items of public news there is an announcement that Sweden, following the example of Russia and Denmark, had taken off the embargo for English ships, and that the Czar Alexander was so hearty in the renewal of friendly relations, that he had ordered all the British ships in the harbours of his dominions to be repaired at his own expense. Lord Nelson had gone ashore near Rostock amid the acclamations of an immense crowd of spectators assembled to view the British fleet. Reports from Lisbon announce the progress of the invasion of Portugal by the allied forces of France and Spain, and the arrival at Corunna of French ships of war with siege artillery. The English merchants were preparing to leave Lisbon. In a letter from Hanau it is stated that "it has cost the circles of Suabia, Bavaria, and Austria, to support the French armies quartered upon them during the last war, 365,000,000 of florins, exclusive of contributions, requisitions, and every other species of spoliation and robbery. Such are the blessed effects of French fraternisation!" No wonder that France came out of her great wars with a comparatively small national debt, and heavy is the balance which she yet owes to Germany for old as well as recent wars.

* We have sent for a copy of the "Stamford Mercury" of our own day, published still under its old title, and still printed at Stamford "under the trusts of the will of R. N. Newcomb." Instead of the meagre four-page sheet of seventy years ago, it is now a large eight-page paper, each page nearly thirty inches by twenty-four, and with seven columns of closely but clearly printed type. A special feature, rare in the modern press, is that there are no "leading articles," but a most complete miscellany of general and local news, while the advertising columns, about thirty in the copy before us, attest the business prosperity of the paper. The price is twopence unstamped, and twopence-halfpenny stamped. A courteous offer is also sent of the loan of a volume of the paper for 1716, and of another, not quite complete, with papers ranging from 1740 to 1744. Of these curious and valuable volumes we may give some account in a future paper.

The arrival of the homeward-bound East India fleet, with its armed convoy, caused great alarm and excitement on the southern coast. The troops at Winchester marched out to meet the supposed invaders; the soldiers in the Isle of Wight were under arms all night; and everywhere the yeomanry and volunteers were on the alert. The false alarm furnished an opportunity for testing the alacrity and good discipline of the defenders of the south coast.

A column is occupied by reports, continued from a previous issue, of the celebration of his Majesty's birthday, on the 4th of June.

The drawing-room (at St. James' Palace) was very numerous attended—so much so, that the Court did not close till near seven o'clock, and the heat was so oppressive that many ladies fainted. The attendance was the most brilliant, and the dresses throughout the most costly and magnificent we ever recollect. Her Majesty, after the drawing-room, gave a most elegant entertainment at Buckingham House.

LADIES' DRESSES.

The Court fashion precludes much variety of female dress. The only opportunity for the display of elegance and taste is in the draperies. The following is a specimen of the most admired dresses:—

Her Majesty—A petticoat of a rich silver taffety, with a drapery of British lace ornamented with fine Valenciennes, fastened up with clusters and band of diamonds; train of lilac crape trimmed and spangled with silver. The Queen wore in her head-dress a number of diamonds.

Princess Augusta—A rich embroidered crape petticoat, with silver mixed with dark blue foil, and broad vandyke silver fringe and tassels; the drapery fastened up with bouquets of corn flowers and anemones.

The Young Princess Charlotte of Wales was at the drawing-room on Thursday, and looked extremely beautiful. She was dressed in a lilac garnet saraset slip petticoat, plain muslin frock, richly inlaid with Mechlin lace, gold bracelets, pearl necklace, and queen silk shoes.

Duchess Dowager of Rutland—A white crape petticoat, richly ornamented with yellow crape, embossed satin, and beads. Yellow crape train.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

In the gentlemen's dresses there was nothing remarkable, though some of them were very splendid. Better order and more regularity were kept about Court than formerly. The crowd, however, was very great, and the heat excessive. Among the ladies' ornaments was the *coque de pearl*, as armbands and bandeaus. Flowers were universal; yellow and lilac the prevailing colours; feathers of all colours, and in profusion; very few diamonds, except the necklaces and ear-rings. The sleeves of the dresses were remarkably full at the top, and the lower part of the arm was seen through very fine point or blond lace. The hair much as before, dressed very full on the back of the head. The waists rather shorter than formerly.

The new carriages for the birthday were but few.

In other parts of the paper are paragraphs about the local rejoicings on the King's birthday, the loyalty of the subjects at various places being exhibited in reviews of yeomanry and volunteers, in feasts, and toast drinking. At Lincoln the corps of volunteer and cavalry "had the honour to dine with the mayor and corporation at the Reindeer. An assembly was held at the City rooms, where the company were dancing the next morning by daylight." At Lowth a similar entertainment is said to have "concluded with much harmony and conviviality, and every mark of loyalty and attachment to old England and its Constitution." The loyalty, no doubt, was sincere, but a more dubious spirit peeps out in the speech of a commanding officer of yeomanry, who reminds his men that they are "solemnly

pledged, in the event of invasion, to march to any part of the kingdom where his Majesty may require their services, or to be called out for the purpose of quelling riot and insurrection." The spirit of reform was already abroad, and popular complaints must be repressed till a more convenient season.

From these public events let us now turn to the advertisement columns, and through these loopholes get some peeps at the social condition of England seventy years ago. Lotteries were not illegal in those days, and several advertisements invite purchasers for the Irish State lottery. We give that of a London agent who claims to have invented the financially happy idea of selling tickets in fractions or shares:—

Tickets and shares of tickets are now selling by F. Branscomb, No. 11, Holborn (one of the original contractors for the last and present English lottery), who can boast of having disposed of three £30,000 prizes, one of which was shared in one-half, one-fourth, one-eighth, and two-sixteenths; likewise of having had part of another, making together, within a few years past,

4 of £30,000	15 of £5,000
6 " 20,000	24 " 2,000
11 " 10,000	39 " 1,000

Likewise the only £3,000 prize that ever was shared, besides a great number of £500, £100, etc., and by whom the plan for securing the payment of the prizes to the purchasers of shares was transmitted to the Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer, which plan was immediately adopted by parliament, whereby the profit to the public on lotteries since that time has been considerably increased. Schemes gratis, and an early purchase recommended at the above office to all lottery societies and adventurers in general, from a full assurance that the price of tickets in the present lottery will never be lower than at present.

N.B.—The number of the aforesaid capitals, and how shared, may be seen at the above lucky office, and orders for the same are received by Mr. Stainbank, Boston; Mr. Longland, Huntingdon; and Mr. Newcomb, printer of this paper, Stamford, the latter of whom procured within a few years part of a £20,000, part of a £10,000, the whole of a £2,000 prize; three shares of £1,000, and many other prizes.

A rival agent offers "capital and singular benefits" from application to his office, the tickets and shares of tickets "stamped according to Act of Parliament." A third firm boasts of having been the only office that ever sold two prizes of £30,000 in shares. "Post-office orders or good bills at short dates to be sent to Richardson, Goodluck, and Co., Cornhill."

The longest and most conspicuous advertisement is about STAMFORD RACES, with a list of subscription races and matches, besides the Town Plate, and the Marquis of Exeter's Cup. The regulations for the meeting thus conclude:—

No running horse to stand at the house of any person that does not subscribe 10s. 6d. towards the races.

No smith to plate any of the horses but a subscriber of 10s. 6d.

All dogs seen on the race-ground will be shot.

Assemblies, plays, ordinaries, and cocking as usual.

Cockfighting seems to have been one of the chief attractions of the meeting, as there is a separate advertisement:—

COCKING.

A regular Main of Cocks to be fought during the race-week at Stamford, in the pit in the Bull Inn Yard, by the gentlemen of Lincolnshire and the gentlemen of Leicestershire, for five guineas a battle and one hundred the odd.

Feeders,	{ Gilliver for Lincolnshire,
	{ Hall for Leicestershire.
Handers,	{ Gilliver for Lincolnshire,
	{ Redfern for Leicestershire.

Fancy the *gentlemen* of Lincolnshire and Leicestershire assembled in the cock-pit of the "Bull Inn" yard! The brutal exhibition is scarcely credible now: yet is there much less brutality in the pigeon-matches at Hurlingham, patronised by noble and even royal visitors, where English gentlemen contend in the unmanly sport, and ladies of fashion assemble, without any feeling of discomfort, except fear lest the bleeding wounded birds may soil their dresses?

It is to be feared that the progress of the age is not so uniform as we sometimes flatter ourselves. At least it is more obvious in material than in moral improvement. The demoralisation of the racecourse has not diminished in recent years, and the increase of gambling and betting has led to many a new crime and misdemeanour.

The sellers of quack medicines have some wonderful advertisements. Of "Lignum's antiscorbutic drops" the fame has reached down to our own time, but there are other nostrums which have passed into oblivion, after serving their purpose in enriching their proprietors. The "Modena fossil" seems to have been available for all classes of complaints, external and internal; and the reanimating "Solar Tincture, or Pabulum of Life," boasted of virtues as marvellous as the Balm of Gilead or Elixir Vitæ of later quacks. Mr. Newcomb, the proprietor of the "Stamford Mercury," was agent for the Solar Tincture. The advertisements in the newspapers of our own day forbid us to boast of much progress in regard to popular credulity. The proprietor of one of the most successful newspapers of our time laid the foundation of his fortune by the sale of Parr's life pills!

However, although there has undoubtedly been much advance in educational and moral matters, it is chiefly in material progress that we see the contrast from the time of our old newspaper. There are advertisements about the enclosure of waste land, and "drainage by sluices," in districts now rich in agricultural wealth. A more marked contrast is in travelling as compared with seventy years ago. Here is an advertisement headed

LINCOLN, BARTON, AND LONDON ROYAL MAIL COACH.

The proprietors of the above respectfully return thanks to the nobility, gentry, and public at large for favours received, and in order to accommodate the city of Lincoln and environs, they have agreed always to take three inside passengers from Lincoln to London, and to forward them by chaise if the mail comes up full from Barton. If only one offers, to wait till the next day's coach. The chaise to keep up with the mail, and to cease whenever the mail can take them in. To pay sixpence a mile each; the duty and turnpikes to be paid by the proprietors.

N.B.—Inside passengers are allowed one stone; outside, seven pounds.

All parcels under nine pounds weight, 1s. 6d.; all above, 2d. per pound.

The proprietors will not be responsible for any goods lost or damaged, above the value of five pounds, unless entered and paid for as such.

Room guaranteed for only three inside, or "first class," passengers from Lincoln to London; with the proviso that "if only one offers, to wait till the next day's coach"!

The literary advertisements are few. There is the announcement of a "New Medical Guide, or Practical Physician," and a "Complete Guide for Landlords and Tenants." An enterprising publisher at Spalding advertises the sixth number of the "Lincolnshire Magazine, and Provincial Literary

Repository, price sixpence, to which work the correspondence of the intelligent and ingenious is earnestly solicited." An advertisement headed "Double Duty on Paper," announces that, in consequence of the double duty and advance in price of paper, the advance of twopence will be put on all the sixpenny numbers of the "Encyclopædia Londinensis," then being issued. This is followed by an advertisement headed "Periodical Literature," giving a list of London publications, including the "Monthly Magazine," the "Monthly Preceptor," the "Fashions of London and Paris," the "Army List," the "Musical Review," and the "Medical Journal."

Besides the above-mentioned respectable publications, Mr. Newcomb will be glad to receive orders for any of the other reviews and magazines, or for any monthly or weekly publication, agreeably to the views or wishes of his friends. The whole will be delivered at the same prices as those at which they are sold for in London, and as Mr. Newcomb receives them by the mail coach, he is enabled to promise a punctual and very early delivery.

We have space for no more extracts, but we note that the "Market Herald" reports the current price of wheat in the summer of 1801 to be, for wheat, 80 to 95 shillings the quarter; fine wheat, 135 shillings; and superfine, 140 shillings!

P. PASSENGER.

MR. PETER CROSSWISE was going to the seaside. Why not? He had plenty of money and plenty of time. He had no particular love for the sea; he was not in want of change of air for health's sake; but it was summer time, other people went to the sea, and so Mr. Peter Crosswise would go. He was a fidgety old man; not so very old, neither, but old enough to go by the name of "the old bachelor" in the street in which he lived, and more particularly in the house in which he lodged.

He had what are called "peculiarities." If he had been a poor man they would have been called fidgets, and people would not have allowed the indulgence of them; but, being rich, they were softened down into peculiarities, and they were put up with.

One of these peculiarities was an aversion to being what he called watched; though if he had but been so happy, for his peace of mind's sake, as to have known it, nobody but those immediately connected with him took the trouble to watch him, nor was at all interested in his proceedings. But, not knowing it, he was as mysterious about his affairs as if he had been a second Guy Fawkes, and was attempting to overthrow the government.

There were some ladies lodging opposite who were very inquisitive—at least, he believed them to be so; and this was only fair, for being very much in his own way, they had set him down for being the same.

"Mrs. Smith," he said to his landlady, when he had finally settled his plans, "I think of going out."

"Oh, indeed, sir! To tea and supper, sir, or home to supper?" she asked, in reply.

"Oh! for a day or two, or a week, perhaps: I can't tell you when I shall return—to a day, at least."

"No, sir; I understand," said the landlady; instantly revolving in her mind a wash of the window curtains and a family party of her own in Mr. Crosswise's dining-room.

"And, Mrs. Smith," said he, "I don't wish it to

be talked about—I don't wish it to be known; I hope you will not mention it to any one: no necessity to tell Betsy—servants always gossip."

"Certainly, sir; and Betsy shan't know a breath about it; not but what she's as safe as a stone wall."

"I shall be early, Mrs. Smith, so I think of sleeping at the Railway Hotel; let me have a cab—or, no—I will see to it myself—"

"Yes, sir—certainly. To-day, sir?"

"I haven't fixed yet. I will speak to you before I go."

"Yes, sir—certainly, sir. Can I—I can't help you to put up anything, I suppose?" the landlady indiscreetly asked, being overcome with the pleasant prospect of his temporary absence.

"Oh, no, thank you," said Mr. Crosswise, with an uneasy look, which expressed, "I understand you, you want to know what luggage I take;" and this was true, inasmuch as luggage would furnish an index to time; but Mrs. Smith said she meant nothing but to save him trouble, and he seemed satisfied.

Over the way a somewhat similar scene was enacted: Mrs. Pryne and her daughter had also resolved to go to the sea, and they had settled all their plans, and meant to start next morning. Mrs. Robinson, their landlady, was not in the secret till their luggage was packed and waited for directions.

They could not make up their minds what address to put. "People are so rude and inquisitive, they will stand on the platform and read your address out before your face," said Miss Pryne; "it's impossible to put your name."

The very same thought had occurred to Mr. Crosswise, and he sat with his pen in his hand a considerable time, wondering what he had best put.

"Great wits jump." At the same minute he said to himself what Miss Pryne said to her mother:—"I have seen initials put instead of the full name—simply initials and 'Passenger'—I will put initials."

Miss Pryne at this juncture took a good pen full of ink and printed a noble P, and under it wrote PASSENGER.

Mr. Crosswise did not act so promptly; he made a C on a card and looked at it: then he fancied that any very inquisitive person on the platform might find him out by a little inquiry, knowing from whence he started.

Suddenly he took a jump without Miss Pryne and her mother, and hit on a plan that must defeat the most ingenious curiosity.

"I will put my Christian initial—Peter—P," and swiftly and triumphantly he wrote on his several labels—one for his carpet-bag, one for his hat-box, one for his portmanteau, and one for his wraps—a fine P, and "Passenger" alongside it. His pen being full, the word Passenger was rather blotty and indistinct upon the largest label.

He went out when all was ready, called a cab, and having ascertained that Mrs. Smith was otherwise engaged, he discarded Betsy's offers of help, and carried his traps down-stairs and smuggled them into the cab himself.

"Good-by, Mrs. Smith," he cried, at the top of the kitchen stairs: "I'm going: I'll write—or, no—my rooms will be ready any time I may return, you know."

"Yes, sir—certainly, sir," said Mrs. Smith, coming up as quickly as she could, but not before her lodger was in the cab, congratulating himself that he had left her wholly in the dark as to his proceedings.

Mr. Crosswise did not know, and Miss Pryne and her mother did not know, when they settled to go to Drumhead, that an excursion train, frightfully long, taking in all the operatives of the neighbourhood, with their wives and children, was going to start for the same place on the same day on which they meant to go with their discreetly directed luggage; for it so happened, that, being in the dark as to each other's movements, they had fixed on the same spot of retirement, a thing which would never have occurred if they had been more open in their plans.

Mr. Crosswise was greatly disconcerted when he saw the length of the train; but when he got hustled and jostled by the crowds on the platform he was still more disconcerted. Not a porter was to be had: he stood by his luggage with the air of a shipwrecked mariner on a rock, afraid to leave it to find a helping hand; and afraid, if he stopped there, the train would go without him.

Imploringly he cried to a porter running by, with a look that stood good for a shilling, "Will you see my luggage in?"

"Oh yes, sir—I'll see to you, sir—all yours, sir?—what class, sir?" said the porter, quite as well satisfied to do his duty for a shilling as for nothing.

"First class," cried Mr. Crosswise; "you'll mind and put it all in," slipping the shilling into his hand. "Oh yes, sir—I'll mind. P. Passenger; one, two, three—all right, sir: in the end van at the bottom, sir; here's an empty carriage, only two ladies in it, sir."

Mr. Crosswise, relieved from his anxiety, got into the carriage, took the third seat, and sunk as far back into it as he could, the other compartments filling immediately. After one or two near stations had been passed, he looked out of the window with a feeling of safety from observation. He saw none but strangers, and nobody stared at him; he was free from the world. This put him into such spirits, that at an exclamation of pleasure he turned his head towards his fellow-passengers, and got a view of the road he was travelling from the opposite window.

"Most charming, isn't it, mamma?" said the lady in the compartment next to him.

"Very pretty, indeed," mamma replied, and the company, in different terms, chimed in.

What creature is that which feels disturbed when some other creature to which he has an antipathy, or of which he has a deadly fear, is hovering near? Let natural history answer, and we add that Mr. Crosswise was precisely in the predicament of that animal: he could see nothing but the dress and chignon of the neighbouring lady, for the head was turned from him; but he felt a trembling or a creeping, for which he could only account by a suspicion that an enemy to his peace was at hand, and that on the other side of that chignon was a face answering to the one he had so often seen watching him from the window across the way. Generally his fears were ill-founded, but in this case they were just, as he soon discovered to his sorrow and disgust.

There was no change until they arrived at their journey's end; neither did the ladies get out till then. From the time he had found them out he had spent every moment in planning an escape from being found out by them. As he did not see their faces when he got into the carriage, he believed they did not see his, so as yet he was *incognito*, and had the advantage of them.

His measures were taken, and he acted on them.

With his face to the platform, he got out the moment the train stopped, turned off towards the refreshment-room, where he stationed himself at a window to watch till the coast was clear, being sure that his luggage was safe, as it was well directed, and the train went no farther.

"Anybody here by the name of Popenger?" asked a porter at the door. All the company in the room said No, and Mr. Crosswise said No, and the man said "All right," and went away.

He saw no more of the ladies over the way, but as it was clear they were going to be stationary in some lodging in this place, which he had chosen for a retreat, he chuckled over having outwitted them for once in the resolve he had made of immediately taking his departure to another part of the coast.

The train he was to leave by was not due for an hour and a half, so he gave the enemy a broad margin to be out of the way before he went to see after his luggage. He searched for it up and down and everywhere, but not a vestige of it was there. He made inquiries; no one seemed to know, till a porter turned up who murmured something to another, and then asked if the luggage was fully directed.

"P. Passenger," said Mr. Crosswise; "that was the direction."

There was another conference of porters, and one said, "There was a cab went off with a lot of luggage directed that way."

Mr. Crosswise particularised his goods, and gave a description of his hat-box, which was a heavy, old-fashioned one, trimmed with brass nails.

The porter believed that such a box had gone off on the aforesaid cab.

"Which way did it go?" said Mr. Crosswise.

"Up into the town, sir; there was nobody inside, only I was ordered to put up the luggage marked 'P. Passenger,' and I gave the order to another porter. Being called away, I forgot to give him the card with the things on it, so I suppose he put up all as he could find of the same direction."

"Dear me! what is to be done? How am I to recover it?" said Mr. Crosswise, in an irritated tone.

At this moment the cab which had taken the luggage returned to the station, to be in readiness for the next train, and the porter who had helped to load it with the "P. Passenger" articles, knowing the driver well, recognised him, and asked him where he had left the luggage.

He gave the address readily, and Mr. Crosswise saw nothing for it but to get into the cab and follow his goods.

While he is doing so, let us follow Mrs. Prynne and her daughter, who, having detected Mr. Crosswise in the train, in spite of his efforts at concealment, agreed to walk into the town, which was close at hand, and get into a lodging, which they had bespoken, without loss of time, and leave the porter to send up the luggage in the cab.

"P. Passenger," they said, "you cannot mistake; we have many packages. Here is the list and address."

They were as exultant when they took possession of their apartments as any general who had stormed a citadel could have been, and congratulated themselves on their dexterity in having kept out of the way of "that inquisitive old fellow," as the inquisitive old fellow himself did when he had smuggled his traps into the fly without the knowledge of Mrs. Smith.

"Here's the luggage, mamma, let's have it up

at once," said Miss Prynne; "but what a quantity! There's some one else's as well, surely!"

The servant, not having directions to select, carried up portmanteau, bag, and box, after portmanteau, bag, and box, till she was justified in believing that the ladies had come to finish the year there.

"Dear, ma!" cried Miss Prynne, going to the landing to look at them, "they've brought a hat-box, and it's directed like ours; and here's a portmanteau, and here's—" and she went on, getting more perplexed at every addition to their proper stock.

What was to be done? Send it back, of course, to the station; but the house was in a bustle with an influx of lodgers, every one was busy, and no one could be found to get a porter from the railway, or to take it back without one.

"You must go, my dear, and look for one," said Mrs. Prynne.

"Oh, ma! and meet that tiresome old man!" exclaimed Miss Prynne. "No; it is directed to this place, you see, and I dare say the owner will be after it before long." So they went to dinner.

Many carriages had driven past the door, several had stopped at it, therefore they were not disturbed when one came as they began their tart, and gave a thundering knock; but they were very much surprised when the door was opened, and Mr. Crosswise was shown in, though not more surprised than he was.

"Really, sir!" Miss Prynne began.

"Really, ma'am!" Mr. Crosswise echoed, and then they stopped.

When he had recovered his breath he demanded his luggage, and the ladies introduced him to it, remarking that if they could have foreseen what would happen they would not have directed as they did, and he vociferously declared the same.

"I believe," said Mrs. Prynne, nervously, "the more one tries to be retired and unobserved, the more one is watched and followed."

There was a tremor in her voice as she said this, and an anger in her look too natural to be suspected, and Mr. Crosswise, instead of being offended at having the tables turned on him, felt a sympathy with her.

"I hate being watched, and never watch any one, ma'am," he said, in accents that testified to their truth.

While the things were being put into the cab, Mr. Crosswise, further mollified by the evident absence of curiosity on the part of the ladies, explained his motive for having used "P. Passenger," and heard the same story in return. He was amused, and so were they; and Mr. Crosswise was satisfied to take up his quarters at Drumhead, not often meeting with Mrs. Prynne and her daughter, but when he did, giving them a stiff bow, which was as stiffly returned.

Everybody, however, from Mrs. Smith to the most remote observer, noticed how much improved Mr. Crosswise was on his return, his peculiarities greatly diminished. He called on the ladies over the way, and at the end of another six months, after a gradual course of visiting, to the surprise of many—not least to his own and his bride's—he married Miss Prynne.

"No more 'P. Passenger' now, but a full direction," he said, when they were setting off on their wedding trip. "I've done with 'under the rose'; it always gives more trouble in the end, and seldom answers the purpose."

The New Year's Bells at Midnight.

KNELL of departed years !
 Thy voice is sweet to me ;
 It wakes no sad foreboding fears,
 Calls forth no sympathetic tears,
 Time's restless course to see ;
 From hallowed ground
 I hear a sound
 Diffusing through the air a holy calm around.

Thou art the voice of love
 To chide each doubt away ;
 And as thy murmur faintly dies
 Visions of past enjoyment rise,
 In long and bright array ;
 I hail the sign
 That love divine
 Will o'er my future path in cloudless mercy shine.

Thou art the voice of hope ;
 The music of the spheres !
 A song of blessings yet to come,
 A herald from my future home,
 My soul delighted hears :
 By sin deceived,
 By nature grieved,
 Still am I nearer rest than when I first believed.

Thou art the voice of life ;
 A sound which seems to say—
 Oh prisoner in this gloomy vale,
 The flesh shall faint, thy heart shall fail ;
 But fairer scenes thy spirit hail
 That cannot pass away :
 Here grief and pain
 Thy steps detain ;
 There in the image of the Lord shalt thou with Jesus reign.

POSTAGE IN THE GREAT TOWNS.

THE following table presents the amount of postage, including sales of postage stamps, during 1860, at those towns where the amount was largest:—

London	£894,370
Liverpool	109,116
Manchester	100,973
Glasgow	69,333
Edinburgh	68,618
Dublin	64,773
Birmingham	48,254
Bristol	32,565
Leeds	29,205
Newcastle-on-Tyne	23,950
Brighton	21,572
Hull	20,254
Sheffield	19,690
Bath	18,281
Belfast	17,637
Bradford, Yorkshire	16,386
Exeter	15,959
Aberdeen	14,449
Southampton	14,110
Nottingham	13,570
Cork	13,432
Norwich	12,716
York	12,526
Plymouth	11,799
Cheltenham	11,449

It would be interesting to have a similar return made this year, so as to see whether these towns have made any change in relative position between the census of 1861 and that of 1871.

Varieties.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S FUTURE SON-IN-LAW.—There is a passage in her Majesty's Journal of "Our Life in the Highlands" which receives an accession of interest from the impending marriage of the Princess Louise. It occurs in the description of the Royal visit to Inverary. "Our reception," writes her Majesty, "was in the true Highland fashion. . . . The pipers walked before the carriage, and the Highlanders on either side, as we approached the house. Outside stood the Marquis of Lorne, just two years old, a dear, white, fat, fair little fellow, with reddish hair, but very delicate features, like both his father and mother ; he is such a merry, independent little child. He had a black velvet dress and jacket, with a 'sporrán,' scarf, and Highland bonnet."

THOMAS CARLYLE'S PORTRAIT OF BISMARCK!—Considerable misconception as to Herr von Bismarck is still prevalent in England. The English newspapers, nearly all of them, seem to me to be only getting towards a true knowledge of Bismarck, but not yet got to it. The standing likeness, circulating everywhere ten years ago, of demented Bismarck and his ditto King to Strafford and Charles I. *versus* our Long Parliament (as like as Macedon to Monmouth, and not liker) has now vanished from the earth, no whisper of it ever to be heard more. That pathetic Niobe of Denmark, reft violently of her children (which were stolen children, and were dreadfully ill-nursed by Niobe Denmark), is also nearly gone, and will go altogether so soon as knowledge of the matter is had. Bismarck, as I read him, is not a person of Napoleonic ideas, but of ideas quite superior to Napoleonic ; shows no invincible lust of territory, nor is tormented with vulgar ambition, etc., but has aims very far beyond that sphere ; and in fact seems to me to be striving with strong faculty, by patient, grand, and successful steps, towards an object beneficial to Germans and to all other men. That noble, patient, deep, pious, and solid Germany should be at length welded into a nation and become Queen of the Continent, instead of vapouring, vainglorious, gesticulating, quarrelsome, restless, and over-sensitive France, seems to me the hopefuller public fact that has occurred in my time.

SEIGE OF STRASBURG.—There were 241 pieces of artillery placed in battery by the besiegers. During the thirty-one days over which the regular operations extended these fired 193,722 shots, an average of 6,249 per day, or 269 per hour, or between four and five per minute. In the catalogue it is stated that 73,000 grenades came out of rifled twelve and twenty-four pounders ; nearly 60,000 bombs, of from seven to fifty pounds, for smooth-bore mortars ; besides shrapnels and long grenades from guns of various structure and calibre. In more than one meaning this was truly a *feu d'enfer* !

REFORMATORIES.—In England and Wales there are now 50 reformatory schools, to which about 1,300 juvenile offenders are committed each year. Up to the close of 1869 the total number of commitments had been 15,366. There are about 4,500 now under detention. Out of 1,300 commitments, 658 had been previously convicted ; 632 could neither read nor write ; 563 could read and write imperfectly ; and 105 could read and write well. About £64,000 was paid from her Majesty's Treasury towards reformatory schools in 1869, of which £2,900 was recovered from parents. Besides these reformatory schools, 3,300 offenders are at present in industrial schools, of which there are 55 throughout England and Wales. In the Middlesex Industrial School, at Feltham, the gross cost of the children per head is about £28, paid from the county rates.

THE CARTHUSIAN MONASTERY OF LONDON.—The buildings of the monastery now remaining, and with others called the Charter House, include the chapel, a small quadrangle, and the great hall and the master's court. The purpose for which they were erected was, doubtless, the accommodation of strangers who resorted to and were received at the monastery. It has been said that much information as to the feelings of the people was obtained by the crafty Henry VII. from the knowledge which the Carthusian monks acquired through intercourse thus kept up with the higher classes.

RUSSIAN NAMES.—The director of the largest cotton-spinning establishment in St. Petersburg, we were told, was Mr. Greig, an Englishman, from whom we wished to obtain permission to inspect the manufactory. In vain we inquired for him ; no one knew any such person. "Had we permission from Mr. Feodor Rovnovitsch ?" (Frederick Robert's son). Luckily, Feodor Rovnovitsch, who was no other than Mr. Greig, son of Frederick Robert, and whose family name the Russians, as usual, knew nothing about, entered at that moment, and was kind enough to show us the place himself.—*Kohl's Russia*.